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BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN.

The time is fast approaching when the twentieth century will have to produce its own great writers. The ranks of the surviving nineteenth-century veterans are rapidly thinning, and of their intellectual leaders few remain. To consider the giants only, the men of immensely resonant voice, we have recently had to mourn the loss of Carducci and of Ibsen, still more recently of Swinburne and Meredith; and now the vigorous personality of Björnson is likely to exist henceforth only in the books that are the transcript of his life. When he and his great compeer Tolstoy shall pass, the slate will be wiped clean. It seems more than likely that we shall then realize the reverse of Emerson's aphorism, "When half-gods go, the gods arrive," and look in vain for the lineaments of authentic divinity in the faces of those among the living who seek to fill the places of the great departed.

The capricious distribution of genius among men has never been more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that one of the smallest of nationalities has given to the modern world two of its most dominant literary personalities. Which of the two was the greater, may not now be determined. Against the supremacy of Ibsen's dramatic technique, and the trenchancy of his social surgery, we must put the far wider range of Björnson, his more comprehensive sympathies, and his more vital and impressive individuality. The balance has seemed of late years to incline in the favor of the former; but we are disposed to believe that in the eventual adjustment the latter will tip the scale. Björnson has not yet been adequately presented to the English-speaking public. We know him as a novelist only, imperfectly as a dramatist, and hardly at all as a lyricist. As the singer pure and simple, his native idiom (as with all lyric poets) opposes an impassable barrier to foreign understanding; as a dramatist, he has not yet come to his own in other countries than his own; his international fame rests at present upon his tales — the naïve idylls of his earlier years, and the later work freighted with the deepest soul-concerns of the modern man — and, in a lesser

measure, upon his identification with many of the political and social movements of his time.

Björnsterne Björnson was born at Kvikne, December 8, 1832,—four years after Ibsen. He was sprung from hardy peasant stock, and his childhood was passed in one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of Norway, the legend-haunted region of the Romsdal and the Dovrefjeld. He was educated at the University of Christiania, and his first book was published in 1857, when he was completing his twenty-fifth year. That book was "Synnöve Solbakken," and it was truly epoch-making, for it was the beginning of a new literature, fresh from the soil and untrammelled by academic or alien influences, for his native country. The following fifteen years were richly fruitful, and made him the foremost figure in the national life. They were the years that produced "Arne," "En Glad Gut," and "Fiskerjenten," which form with "Synnöve" the famous group of peasant idylls; the years in which the great saga-dramas were written, including "Sigurd Slembe," "Sigurd Jorsalfar," and "Kong Sverre," and the years in which his songs found their way to the hearts of the Norwegian people as no songs had ever reached them before. During this period he also produced his one long poem, "Arnljot Gelline," an epic cycle of the clash between heathendom and the Christian faith, his "Mary Stuart i Skotland," and the first of the social plays that were to represent so large a part of the activity of his later years.

Björnson had all these things to his credit before he had reached the age of forty. He had become the voice of his people, the incarnation of all that was best and deepest in the national life of Norway. It seemed hardly possible for a man to achieve greater fame, yet in the early seventies a new Björnson took the field, with a vastly broadened outlook, and a new power to compel attention. He had been reading widely and to effective purpose; he had plunged into the mid-current of advancing thought; he had acquired the full spiritual franchise of the modern European. No longer bound by the fetters of a narrow orthodoxy in religion, or of the provincial spirit in politics, he had raised himself to a more commanding plane, not indeed of creative art but of intellectual power. His work from this time on was to be the vehicle of a message, the result of an imperious mandate to enlist in the world-wide struggle for the emancipation of the body and the soul of man.

Like his most famous fellow-worker in this struggle, he found in dramatic composition his

most effective weapon. During the last thirty-five years of his life he produced upwards of a dozen social dramas, providing a series of object-lessons no less impressive than those which Ibsen was providing during the same period and by the same agency. The first of these plays were "Redaktören" (The Editor) and "En Fallit" (A Bankruptcy), preceding by two years the first of Ibsen's modern series. The former of the two is a fierce satire upon modern journalism; the latter, a trenchant discussion of the ethics of business life. "En Hanske" (A Glove) is perhaps the most contentious of these modern plays; it has for its theme the double standard of sexual morality. The two plays linked by the common title of "Over Ævne" (Beyond the Strength) are singularly powerful and appealing. One is religious in theme, and the other social; but the teaching of both is to the effect that much of the best human energy goes to waste because it attempts to realize impossible ideals. The greatest of all these modern plays is "Kongen" (The King), a study of the institution of monarchy, and an implicit demonstration of its anachronistic character. Why this work, to say nothing of others, has failed to find its way to our English stage, is a matter that passes comprehension.

During these years of dramatic fecundity, the pen of the novelist was by no means idle. Half a dozen works of fiction, including two of major importance, have appeared from time to time, offering as striking a contrast to the peasant idylls as the modern plays offer to the saga-dramas. We do not know which is the more marvellous: that "Arne" and "Det Flager" should have been written by the same hand, or that "Sigurd Slembe" and "Kongen" should have been brought forth by the same mind. "Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen" (Flags are Flying in City and Harbor) is a work of fiction in a qualified sense only. It is of the lineage of "Emile" and "Wilhelm Meister," and is at once a study in heredity and an exposition of educational ideals. "Paa Guds Veje" (In God's Ways) is a work so noble and rich and beautiful that it beggars critical appraisal. With its delicate and vital delineations of character, its rich sympathy and depth of tragic pathos, its plea for the sacredness of human life and its protest against the religious and social prejudice by which life is so often misshapen, this book is an epitome of all the ideas and feelings that have gone to the making of the author's personality and have received such manifold expression in his works.

This is the book that illustrates Björnson's genius in its ripe fruitage, as its rich early flowering was illustrated by "Arne" and "Sigurd Slembe" and the lyrics.

When we remember that besides his triple distinction as novelist, dramatist, and poet, Björnson has served the public in many other capacities, we begin to realize how great a figure is fading into the past. He has been the director of three theatres, the editor of three newspapers, the promoter of schools and patriotic organizations, the participant in many political campaigns, the lay preacher of private and public morals, and the chosen orator of his nation for all great occasions. When one compares him with Ibsen in such respects as these, the contrast is as great, let us say, as that between Henri Quatre at Ivry and Phillip II. in the Escorial. In private life also he was as ebullient and genial as his famous compeer was self-centred and reserved. When so magnificent a personality as his disappears from among men, the most skeptical may wonder if there be not some kernel of transcendental truth in Arnold's verses:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

Sometime in the seventies, when the first of his two periods was ended, Björnson became a country farmer at Aulestad in the Gausdal, where he purchased an estate and led a patriarchal life, bestowing hospitable welcome upon the guests that thronged to him from many lands. Most of his winters, however, were spent abroad, in Munich, Rome, or Paris; and one of them (1880-81) was spent in those parts of the United States where Norwegians most abound. We have precious memories of his brief sojourn in Chicago — of the eloquence with which he addressed an afternoon audience in McVicker's Theatre, and of the rare evening of informal converse when a few of his friends in this far-off country were taken into the privilege of his intimate companionship.

It is good news that Mr. Sidney Colvin is preparing a new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's Letters. The whole correspondence will be incorporated in one work, and there will be additions. Many of Stevenson's best letters are still in manuscript; but the reasons which have postponed their publication are disappearing.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICA'S FIRST NOVELIST.

A hundred years ago, on the 22d of this month of February, there died in Philadelphia the first American novelist, who was also a pioneer American journalist, Charles Brockden Brown. He had won neither fame nor worldly success, and his passing attracted scarcely any attention among his contemporaries. His name has gradually become familiar to students of literature, but his personality is still veiled in shadow. Until a recent date his unmarked grave in Friends' Burial Ground could not be accurately known. Two surveys of his writings appeared in Blackwood's journals, in 1820 and 1824, in which the English reviewers expressed just, if somewhat exaggerated, reproach toward Americans for their indifference to the work and memory of this man who blazed the way for later American romancers, and encouraged and practised, at great self-sacrifice, the cultivation of literature as a life-work.

The main incidents of Brown's life, as given in disjointed form by his friend and counsellor, William Dunlap, merely suggest his temperamental traits and the yearnings of his soul for sympathy and vital expression. With blended ancestry of Quakers and Normans, he had an alert mind and an unfettered fancy, with a physique that was ever frail. As a boy, he was precocious, over-sensitive, and restless; as a man, he was introspective to a degree of morbidity, impelled by high ideals, and self-depreciatory because he failed to attain to his aspirations. He deferred to his father's wishes, and studied law; but he decided that he must defy his family and venture all his hopes on literature, else he would prove traitor to his own mind and soul. From his Philadelphia home he went to New York, in 1797, to the home of Dr. Elihu Smith, where he passed through the tragic experiences of an attack of yellow fever and the loss of his host and best friend from the same disease. After a few months in the home of William Dunlap at Perth Amboy, Brown returned to Philadelphia to pass the rest of his life. In a manuscript letter to Dunlap (now in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania), written a year after his return, we find allusions to his first efforts at novel-writing, under the stimulus of Dr. Smith, and also strong evidence of the morose moods which sometimes overwhelmed him.

"I think upon the life of last winter with self-loathing almost unsupportable. Alas, my friend, few consolations of a self-approving mind have fallen to my lot. . . . I am sometimes apt to think that few human beings have drunk so deeply of the cup of self-abhorrence as I have. . . . Whether it will end but with my life, I know not."

Below this letter is a significant note, signed "W. Dunlap," saying, "So at certain moments could think & write one of the purest, best-beloved of men."

Brown's first book, "Alecui," was a dialogue-essay on the then novel subject of Equal Suffrage, which appeared as "Rights of Women" in a journal with the cumbersome title, "Weekly Magazine

of Original Essays, Fugitive Pieces, and Interesting Intelligence," Vol. I. (Philadelphia, 1798). This argument on a subject of current discussion is interesting to-day, in spite of its diffuse and extravagant phrasing; it reveals the progressive ideas and broad mental outlook which characterized Brown's later editorials and political pamphlets. The four novels by which he is classified in literature — "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," and "Edgar Huntley" — appeared from the press within two years, although earlier versions of portions of two stories had appeared in New York journals. If the reader has patience to pass by their florid emotionalism and fantastic melodrama, he will discover a few realistic descriptions of American scenery and character. The two later efforts at fiction, "Jane Talbot" and "Clara Howard," are amatory letters of a vapid type. Within the four representative novels are reflected certain fancies, superstitions, and mental hallucinations, which were rife among the masses of the American people at the close of the eighteenth century. Brown chose a few of these agitating and haunting suggestions as motives in his novels, — namely, ventriloquism, elixir of life, somnambulism, and the fearful memories of yellow fever and Indian forays.

Brown's work as novelist ended when he was thirty; it was the immature and disjointed product of a fertile fancy and zealous brain, eager to express original conceptions, yet hampered by the influence of English models by Godwin, Mrs. Radcliffe, and their kind. During the remaining nine years of his life, Brown was a hard-working, aspiring journalist, undaunted in spirit and in a determination to increase the knowledge and widen the tastes of the American public. Relatively, his journalistic experiments had titles longer than their subscription lists; yet they won a moderate patronage, and exerted, indirectly, a far-reaching influence for the appreciation of world-literature of all forms among a people who were sadly provincial.

A lack of humor was a great drawback to Brown's happiness in life, and a defect in his literary work. His seriousness and melancholy were doubtless reactionary symptoms from his physical weakness. He longed, in verbose phrase, for "that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men." While the last years of his life were weakened by anæmia and tuberculosis, yet his mental and emotional faculties were stimulated by a happy marriage to Miss Elizabeth Linn, and the mingled joys and anxieties of parenthood. A manuscript letter to his wife, June 17, 1806, written from Albany (Library of Historical Society of Pennsylvania), shows a cheerful mood and a deep love for his family. A single sentence is a good example of his typical labored form, which might have been simplified by a sense of humor: "You confirm my prognostics that the lovely babes will scamper about house, by the time of my return." To the closing day of his life, he maintained a marvellous activity of mind and

pen, and tried to soften the approaching sorrow for his family by an unflinching courage and a tender consideration for them.

A deep and pervasive loyalty to his country, and faith in her political supremacy and intellectual awakening, were cherished in the heart of America's first novelist and expressed in varied forms in his writings. Washington Irving acknowledged his debt to Brown for inspiration to persist in literary endeavors to widen the tastes and mental horizon of America. Brown could not combine his fantasies and realistic scenes into an artistic product; his construction was weak, and his portrayals, with few exceptions, were ineffective. He was, however, constantly aspiring to combine the visionary with the realistic, and his life was noble and productive in spite of many blighting influences. He wrote occasional verse, generally a bit of rhapsodic musing, like this stanza from a manuscript poem, "L'Amoroso," presented by his son to Frank M. Etting, and now in the Boston Public Library.

"From pleasure's walks and market-places;
Stilly Groves and lonely Hills;
From gay carousals, thronging faces,
Moonlight Glades and warbling rills;
From fighting fields and stormy Seas;
From courtly pomp and war's array;
From State turmoils and letter'd Ease;
Come, my enamoured Soul, away!
From haunts that moonstruck Fancy woos,
Where Nymphs resort, and Muses roam,
From all that vulgar dreams abuse,
Come home, Ecstatic Thought, come home!"

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LATE EDOUARD ROD, whose novels have a considerable circulation outside his own country, and whose lectures in America about ten years ago cannot yet have been forgotten, is the subject of a recent appreciative essay from the pen of M. Henri Chantoine, which, though written before Rod's death, serves well as an obituary tribute. The moral earnestness of his work is commended, while his skill and his charm as a story-teller are not lost sight of. Rod, concludes the essay, "never tarries too long over psychological subtleties, never wearies us with lengthy descriptions, never loses sight of essentials in his care for detail. His aim is to depict character in its battle with realities; individual life in its most sorrowful, most hidden, inner experience; social existence as it envelopes and excites and crushes the individual. The framework of his novels is always solid, without being heavy; the movement of the action is dramatic, without being breathless or capricious; the form is severe and condensed, dispensing with false ornament. He writes calmly and deliberately, as one convinced of the truth of what he is saying. You feel that Rod has lived long with his subject and his characters before putting them on paper." His principal works since the

appearance of "Le Sens de la Vie" in 1888 are "Le Sacrifice" (1892), "La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier" (1893), "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier" (1894), "Les Roches Blanches" (1895), "L'Inutile Effort" (1903), and (in course of serial publication at the time of his death) "Le Glaive et le Bandeau."

MR. SANBORN'S ESTIMATE OF THE EMERSON JOURNALS was delivered in no uncertain tones at a recent meeting of the Emerson Society in the Boston Public Library, where he read a paper on his illustrious fellow-townsmen, paying especial attention to the opening volumes of Journals and Letters that have recently appeared. "The most important publication in America during the year just closed" was his opinion of the work, because it displayed the youth and development of the greatest of American men of letters, and because for the first time it enabled his readers and critics to speak intelligently of his early readings and meditations and all the influences promoting the growth of his genius. Going still further, Mr. Sanborn affirmed that "the nearest approach that any American has made to the universality of Shakespeare's mind is found in the wide reach and easy elevation of Emerson." The early maturity of Emerson's thought and the wide range of his youthful studies were noted, as also his quick sense of affinity for Plato, his skill, at eighteen, in turning the Spenserian stanza, and his facility in writing Latin. A significant utterance of Emerson's was quoted in closing. When asked by Elizabeth Peabody what effect it would have had on his education if his father had remained in the small rural parish of Harvard, where he first settled, he answered: "Very little; nature was there, and books." "But how if your Aunt Mary had not lived in your mother's Boston family after your father's death, and concerned herself with your education?" "Ah, that would have been a loss; I could have better spared Greece and Rome."

THE CHARM OF MYTHS AND SUPERSTITIONS, those graceful fabrications founded on poetry and romance and wonder, is so great that no amount of scientific and historic demonstration of their untenability will ever succeed in suppressing them. In vain does the ruthless myth-demolisher assure us that Dick Whittington's cat is a fabulous animal, that William Tell did not pierce the core of an apple with his arrow as the said fruit rested on the head of his little son, and that Lady Godiva never made that noonday passage on horseback through the streets of Coventry, with only her golden tresses to veil her loveliness. Someone has tried to shiver to fragments Cinderella's dainty little glass slippers, by alleging that in the original Eastern version of the tale the footgear in question is of fur, and that our rendering of the French translation (*pantoufles en vair*) has stupidly given us glass slippers (*pantoufles en verre*) by a confusion of two French words pronounced nearly alike. To be sure, fur slippers would be more

comfortable for dancing, unless we can imagine the spinning of glass to have attained perfection in Cinderella's time. But that is of small moment, and glass the slippers will remain for English-speaking children. Another baseless myth, if we are to believe the unsympathetic and unimaginative meteorologist, lies behind the confident assertion of every adult inhabitant of New England, and perhaps of all our Northern States, that the winters of our boyhood were of a severity now unknown, and that Whittier's "Snow-Bound" pictures December rigors and delights not vouchsafed to this degenerate age. Mythoclasts, like iconoclasts, are an odious tribe; and their destructive endeavors will little avail them. There may have been brave men before Agamemnon, but he will maintain his superiority to those that have come after him.

MINNESOTA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE are more considerable than one might expect from a State still so young, and of so small a population compared with her older sisters. In "Library Notes and News," issued by the Minnesota Public Library Commission, there was published a year ago a list of Minnesota authors and their works, followed a few months later by large additions. A writer in the December number of the above-named publication calls attention to the handsome showing of these combined lists, which give "an enrollment of about four hundred Minnesota authors, with nearly one thousand titles of books." About a hundred magazine writers are to be added to these, with some five hundred important articles to their credit. Counting also the many society publications and official documents from Minnesota pens — all of which are being collected and preserved by the State Historical Society — we have probably not fewer than a thousand names of writers and several thousand titles of books and pamphlets and articles and reports. Which proves that something besides flour is produced in the State that gave us, indirectly and by inspiration, the picture of Minnehaha and "The Song of Hiawatha."

AGGRESSIVE LIBRARY METHODS — aggressive in the sense of progressive — are manifest in some sections of the country, and in some libraries, and not so manifest in others. The never somnolent Los Angeles Public Library makes active warfare on the non-reading and non-library-using members of its community. Thousands of copies of a rousing letter have been sent out by the librarian to persons in all walks of business life — twenty-five hundred to railway employees alone. One of its paragraphs reads thus: "This library has things which would be useful to you in your business. Anything it has n't now, and that may be of use to you, it will be glad to get and put at your service." That should prove irresistible. Supposing a recipient of this letter discovers that it would be useful to him in his business to have a copy of the "Periegesis" of Pausanias, or the "De Re Rustica" of Varro, or a new cash register of Dayton manufacture; all he has to do is

to apply at the public library and the desired "thing" will be furnished at once, or, if already lent or not yet acquired, it will be procured as soon as possible. Truly, the public library's range of usefulness is widened with the process of the suns.

. . .

A MAKER OF FUTURE LIBRARIANS has been found in the new director of the Drexel Institute Library School at Philadelphia, — Miss June Richardson Donnelly, apparently a not unworthy successor to the late Alice B. Kroeger, whose bright, alert, and always cordially sympathetic personality will be remembered by all who knew her. A love of fun, too, was hers in full measure; and her successor, Miss Donnelly, is said to be nowise deficient in humor. From "Public Libraries" we copy the following personal paragraph, written by the director of Simmons College Library School, where Miss Donnelly is at present engaged: "She is liked and respected by both the students and her fellow-instructors, for she has dignity, tact, and an interest in a variety of things, with the saving grace of a keen sense of humor. In the class-room Miss Donnelly has been very successful. She presents her subjects logically, with a due sense of proportion, and in a clear, interesting manner." One is glad to read of the new Director, that with all her good qualities she has both humor and a sense of proportion — which may save her pupils from the not unknown fate of taking themselves too seriously.

. . .

THE CROWDED BOOK-SEASON, lately passed, but soon to begin again with the spring freshets, presents so strong a contrast to the slack summer months, when the stream of literature trickles with the diminished volume of a mountain brook in August, that the thought must have occurred to many readers, Why not equalize the issue of books and make every season alike significant in the production of important works? This alternation of dearth and superabundance has its obvious disadvantages. A recent number of the London "Athenæum" (which, by the way, has at last, in its eighty-third year, added to the book reviews that have hitherto comprised its principal contents the desirable feature of a leading article of general literary interest) advocates this more equal distribution of book-production throughout the four seasons. Book-publishers and book-reviewers certainly, and book-buyers and book-readers probably, would cast a majority vote for the reform.

. . .

THE PERSISTENCE OF GLADSTONE'S INFLUENCE IN ENGLAND is attested, more convincingly than by any centennial eulogies, by the large sales of Morley's life of the great statesman. From London comes the report that a hundred and thirty thousand copies of the book, in its three successive editions, ranging from two guineas to five shillings each, have been sold; and the end is not yet. The length of the work (800,000 words) and the nature of its contents

make it no light undertaking to read it through, so that the record of its circulation becomes impressive indeed. Of course distinguished authorship counts for considerable, though probably for far less than in certain other departments of literature, as in fiction or poetry. But when all is said, Gladstone made on his countrymen, of whatever rank or station, an impression so deep and lasting that his biography will not soon cease to find willing purchasers and eager readers.

. . .

THE LIMIT OF BACONIAN MADNESS has now been reached in the foolish enterprise of two Americans in exploring the caves at the foot of the cliffs on which stand the eleventh-century ruins of Chepstow Castle, in Monmouthshire. Imagining they have found in Bacon's writings a clue to the hiding-place where his library was deposited, together with much documentary evidence to establish his authorship of Shakespeare's plays, and to upset Elizabethan history generally, these enthusiastic Baconians have obtained exclusive rights (so it is reported) to the thorough searching of this mare's nest; and, though forced to suspend their fruitless labors for a time and return to this country, they declare their intention to return and resume the undertaking. As a piece of friendly counsel we would advise them to save their travelling expenses by digging and delving in their own cellars; they would get the exercise and arrive at equally satisfying results.

. . .

EMERSON IN FRANCE is still winning new admirers. The latest proof of this takes the form of a French translation of his choicest passages for a volume of "Pages Choieses" compiled by Mlle. Marie Dugard, the mistress of a young ladies' "Lycée" at Passy. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn is said to have signified his cordial approval of these gallicized extracts from his fellow-townsmen's writings, and also of the new French version of "The Conduct of Life" which the same appreciative translator has issued, prefixed with a part of Carlyle's cordial letter to his Concord friend, in which he hails the "philosophy that hardly three men have dreamed of." Thus there are not wanting signs, both at home (where the "Journals" are now conspicuous in the book market) and abroad, that the Emersonian revival of seven years ago (the centennial year) did not exhaust the world's enthusiasm for our great transcendentalist.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHARM OF INDIVIDUAL SPELLING.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A system of individual spelling — "every man for himself" — would seem to be the logical outcome of the "spelling-reform" movement; but it is a little startling to find such a system openly advocated by a distinguished professor, who, if he is correctly reported, recently told

the students of Columbia University that "Much would be achieved if scholars of renown, philologists, students of literature, and writers of books in general, would indulge in some individual spellings. These need not be necessarily consistent, and the author need not give any other reason for his special heterodoxies than that they just suit his fancy." That men are to be found who are ready to live up to these counsels of literary anarchy, appears from some charming sentences culled from an address by one who is described as "a professor in one of our technical schools":

"Liv for the realization of hy ideala.

"He shoud hav abstained from reviling the faricees.

"A man brings out . . . quaint litt pearls in her soul that she herself never dremt of.

"So are man's curage and generosity dubld and tripld thru a woman's presence."

As a writer in "The Nation" lately pointed out, "one natural result of the agitation in favor of so-called 'simplified spelling' would be a tendency, on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical, to be more lawless, inaccurate, and indifferent still as to spelling in general. Such a tendency would be shown in many places, one of them obviously being the classroom." A timely illustration of the way the tendency is shown in classrooms comes from Iowa, where a college professor has compiled from examination papers of his students a list of 160 misspelled words. Presumably, these counted against the students in their markings. But why should they? Why should not students, as well as professors, exercise the right — the duty, even — of "individual spelling"? This is a free country, and a student has as much right as anyone else to use spellings that "just suit his fancy."

E. O. VAN CLYVE.

St. Paul, Minn., February 8, 1910.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE MALONE SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It will be of interest, I think, to many of your readers to know that the Malone Society, of England, intends to close its subscription list on March 20, and that all who wish to become members of the Society and secure the valuable publications which it is issuing must apply before that date to the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Arundel Esdaile, Esq., The British Museum, London.

The Society was founded for the purpose of printing texts of early English plays, and documents and notes illustrative of the history of the English stage and drama. During the first two years of its existence it issued twelve volumes, ten plays, and two volumes of collections consisting of fragments of plays and valuable documents and notes; and a further set of six volumes is in preparation for the current year. As the Society was not organized for profit, but for the benefit of the members, the number of volumes issued will depend upon the funds available from membership fees. It has now 215 members, and should have many more, as the annual subscription is only one guinea.

The plays are not facsimiles, but exact reprints of the originals, executed under the supervision of Mr. W. W. Greg as general editor, whose name, with those of E. K. Chambers, the President of the Society, and A. W. Pollard, the Honorary Treasurer, will assure those who have not seen the volumes of the scholarly accuracy with which the reprints are made. The com-

position and press-work has been done by the Chiswick Press and the Clarendon Press, and the volumes are notably fine examples of bookmaking. All persons who are interested in the history of the drama in England should avail themselves of the opportunity to become members of the Society before the subscription list is closed.

As the time is short, I shall be glad to answer any questions which intending subscribers may wish to ask in regard to the Society.

JOHN M. MANLY.

The University of Chicago,

February 12, 1910.

A NOTE ON SHELLEY'S "ADONAI'S."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I believe that it has not been pointed out that the famous lines in the last stanza of "Adonais,"—

"My spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,"—

find an interesting parallel in the dying words of Vittoria in Webster's "White Devil,"—

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven I know not whither."

It is probable that the parallelism is accidental, though Shelley at the time (1821) was still revising "The Cenci" (1820; second edition, 1821). In this drama, as is well known, he drew largely on the Elizabethan plays for models.

Both the passages cited, from "Adonais" and "The White Devil," are also interesting because they are modifications of one of the most frequently used conceits of the sonneteers. Petrarch ("Vita," cxxxvii.) wrote:

"Passa la nave mia colma d' obbligo
Per aspro mare a mezza notte il verno. . .
Tal ch' incomincio a disperar del porto."

Of the many imitations of this figure in the Elizabethan sonnet cycles, Spenser's ("Amoretti," xxxiv.) fits most nearly the present case:

"Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storme hath dim'd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last."

The complaint of Britomart (F. Q. III., iv., 8 and 9) is a free adaptation of the same idea, and the parallel in "Adonais" is made the more striking by the concluding thought that

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

In one of Shelley's letters to Mrs. Gisborne, dated from Florence, November, 1819, there is still another echo of the familiar Elizabethan conceit:

"Madonna—I have been lately voyaging in a sea without my pilot, and although my sail has often been torn, my boat become leaky, and the log lost, I have yet sailed in a kind of way from island to island. . . I have been reading Calderon without you."

EDWIN A. GREENLAW.

Adelphi College, Brooklyn, Feb. 8, 1910.

The New Books.

THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.*

"I am your dramatic godson," said Richard Mansfield to his friend of twenty-five years' standing, Mr. William Winter. "I wonder if you would care to undertake a biography? It might interest some persons, and much in my early life was strange. It should prove interesting. I think a book on the Life of R. M., from your pen, might sell well." And later, after being told that the book was planned and would be written: "I am tremendously excited about your writing the Life of R. M. It is better than being knighted."

Now at last, after the lapse of two years and a half since the brilliant actor's untimely death, appears Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," in two handsome and profusely-illustrated volumes. The long intimacy between the two men, the younger one's constant practice of seeking the advice and encouragement of his "dramatic godfather," their mutual sympathy in many of their ideals and enthusiasms, and the records, largely in the form of personal letters, in the biographer's possession, qualify him to write informingly and authoritatively of his actor-friend, and to correct many false notions about him that have been circulated by other pens—notably by that of Mr. Paul Wiltach, whose highly readable book, "Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor," has now been before the public for more than a year. Especially unaccountable, in the light of Mr. Winter's volumes, is the other's assertion (at the end of the preface to his book) that "his [*i. e.*, Mansfield's] letters, which would add to an acquaintance with him, were not many, except to his wife and son. To others he wrote in the main only brief notes of courtesy, for he had an aversion to telling anyone what he was going to do, or to referring to what he had done." On the contrary, as shown by the many letters now reproduced, he was, if anything, too ready to enlarge, in grandiloquent fashion, on his own unparalleled achievements, past and prospective. For example, in an exultant outpouring to Mr. Winter, he writes, in the spring of 1890:

"I think *everything* is possible to me, if I am helped, and I feel, more and more, that the future—the immediate future—of the American stage lies very much in my hands. At all events, I intend laying violent hands

* *LIFE AND ART OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.* With selections from his letters. By William Winter. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

on it—*coûte que coûte!* I have a most tempting offer to go to Berlin; and I think I shall accept—because I can go there and do great things 'right off,' without question—and when I've done them there it will appear natural to people here that I *should* do them."

Mr. Winter is so much interested in the art of Richard Mansfield that he dwells very slightly on his life, apart from his movements in the pursuit of that fame which he so confidently expected to win. The early years in England and on the Continent are barely referred to; but one question of some importance is decisively settled, and that is the birth-year of the precocious young man who startled theatrical circles in New York with his impersonation of Baron Chevalier in 1883. The commonly accepted date of his birth—the date, too, that is given in Mr. Wiltach's book—would make him but twenty-five years old at that time; whereas, from his own written words, cited by Mr. Winter, it appears that he was in his twenty-ninth year, having been born in 1854. The first volume of the "Life and Art" follows Mansfield through the rapidly alternating vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, down to his death in the late summer of 1907; and, though much incidental comment and criticism are interspersed, the greater part of this sort of disquisition is reserved for the second volume, where each important rôle of the versatile actor is taken up in proper order and treated in the well-known manner of the veteran dramatic critic, and certainly without undue prejudice in the performer's favor. The writer earnestly disclaims ever having allowed any favor of persons to influence his judgment or modify its candid expression.

Son of an English father and a Russian mother (the Madame Erminia Rudersdorff of operatic fame), Richard Mansfield was so richly endowed with the artistic and bohemian temperament that anything like a peaceable, well-ordered, commonplace boyhood and youth was from the very outset an impossibility. His peculiar gift for misfitting his environment is reflected in some notes of his early life, written for Mr. Winter's use. He says, probably with considerable artistic intensifying of lights and shadows, especially of shadows:

"Mine was a hard life when I was a child. Sometimes I was scolded, sometimes beaten, and sometimes starved. Whatever I was meant to be, God knows it is not strange if I am what they call 'singular.' I sometimes think that the early wrench given to my mind by such treatment was the beginning of the sympathy I feel with such persons as *Gloster* and *Chevalier*. They are wicked, but they are courageous; they have seen the selfishness of the world,—and they go on. What they get they *compel*; the recognition they receive is for what they do for themselves; they are always

lonely; they look through the motives of all around them, and no wonder they are cynical and cruel. There are times when I feel so barred out of the world, so hated, that if I could push down the pillars of the universe and smash everything and everybody, I'd gladly do it!"

That one of so rebellious and stormy a disposition, prone to regard the world as his enemy until friendship had been extorted by violence, should not have been loved by the public, even though the tribute of admiration could not be withheld, is not strange. It was a part of his character, and one of his methods of making his way in his difficult profession, to be aggressive and dictatorial, intolerant of stupidity and impatient of restraint. Macready, Forrest, Kean, and scores of prominent actors and actresses besides, could be adduced as examples of this high-strung, uncompromising artistic temperament. From the outset he seems to have been unable to work in harmony with associates, or on an equal footing with them. Whatever his part, he tended to fill the stage; and there was no peace for him or anyone else until he had put himself at the head of a company and won the right to "boss the show." Wherever he sat was the head of the table — literally as well as figuratively, his uneasiness as a guest at another's board being notorious. Even with a professional rival so friendly and appreciative as Henry Irving he could not manage to remain on thoroughly good terms for any length of time. When he went to England, in 1888, at Irving's invitation and with the Lyceum placed at his disposal, it was not long before he imagined himself ill-treated by all and sundry with whom he came in contact. Mr. Winter writes:

"The meeting was a delightful one. The relations between Mansfield and Irving were then friendly. They did not always remain so. They fluctuated considerably; and although, at the last, the two men remained on ostensibly amicable terms of social intercourse, the feeling existent between them was that of disapprobation on the part of Irving and antipathy on the part of Mansfield. It is necessary to allude to this subject, because those actors, eventually, became professionally opposed, and because circumstances in the stage career of Mansfield would otherwise remain unexplained. The subject, furthermore, is an essential part of theatrical history, — a record which should tell the truth, and not be encumbered with sentimental eulogium and obscuration of facts. Mansfield had no reason to blame any one but himself for the loss of Henry Irving's active friendship. It was an infirmity of his mind that he ascribed every mishap, every untoward circumstance, every reverse of fortune, to some external, malign influence, — never to any accident, or any error of his judgment, or any ill-considered act or word, or any fault of his own."

It should be remembered, in connection with Mansfield's professional struggles and rivalries, that he appeared on the stage at a time when

many actors of rare ability were vying for public favor, both in America and in England. The names of Booth, Barrett, Irving, Ellen Terry, Modjeska, Jefferson, Florence, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, John Gilbert, Charles Coghlan, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Langtry, Wilson Barrett, Charles Wyndham, and others that the reader will recall, need but to be run over to make impressive enough the formidable character of the competition which Mansfield had to encounter on the English-speaking stage. He always regarded it as the mistake of his life that he began his dramatic course in this country rather than in Europe.

Among the carefully studied criticisms (in volume two) of Mansfield's various impersonations, that of Richard the Third, his most notable achievement, is especially worth reading. "The value of Mansfield's performance of *Richard*," says the author in one place, "did not consist in theories or innovations, but in a tremendous concentration of intellectual force and passionate feeling, expressed with many fine touches of dramatic art, resultant in a life-like image, terrific and piteous, of grisly wickedness and retributive misery." In a more general and comprehensive estimate of Mansfield's gifts, the author well says:

"In faculty of impersonation he was extraordinary, and in that respect he has seldom been equalled, in our time; but, because of the inevitable appearance of peculiarities in all his embodiments, the merit of versatility has often been denied to him: yet he displayed the ability, and had the fortune, to distinguish himself in almost every branch of the dramatic art, — in comic opera, farce, and burlesque, light comedy, romantic drama, melodrama, and tragedy. The student, remembering Mansfield, and musing upon the many vagaries of opinion that are or have been current about his acting, might advantageously consider the astonishing grasp of diversified character and the wide and easy command of expressive art that he exhibited, during the twenty-four years of his industrious, laborious, and remarkable career."

A forty-three-page "Chronology," valuable to the historian of the drama, is appended; also an interesting twelve-page "Note on 'Beau Brummell'"; and a "Note on the Gentle Art of Plagiarism," for the benefit of Mansfield's earlier biographer. An index of twenty-six pages concludes the work. The many portraits, chiefly of Mansfield in his various characters as actor, are of unusual interest as a striking evidence of his versatility. The whole work is one of irresistible appeal to the lover of the stage, and with its marks of painstaking workmanship (it was begun in 1905) it forms one of the ripest and best of its author's many books on kindred themes.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ON THE WRONG TRACKS OF LIFE.*

Only occasionally is a piece of contemporary Italian literature translated into English and published in an English-speaking country. When so large and serious a work as Sera's "On the Tracks of Life" is accorded this extension of its sphere of influence, the event arouses more than ordinary curiosity as to the character and content of the book. This curiosity is not abated, to say the least, when it finds such a phrase as "The Immorality of Morality" used as a sub-title. Examination of the book develops the fact that this sub-title really strikes the keynote of the whole work, though perhaps not in just the manner intended by the author. "The Immorality of Morality" implies a paradox. The whole book is as paradoxical as this phrase. Think for a moment of some proposition that the common every-day experience of mankind has demonstrated to be not true. Then open Sera's book at random, read a page or so, and it is rather better than an even chance that you will find that identical proposition set forth as a great and fundamental truth. Thus, to take but a single instance: normal right-minded people as a result of their knowledge of history and observation of contemporary society are inclined to regard such things as idleness and sexual dissipation, for example, as undesirable modes of human activity, — to put the case as mildly as may be. But Sera devotes pages to the discussion of the "degrading influence of work" and to statements like the following: "The types of activity which our morality more or less explicitly condemns (aristocratic tendencies, sexual and economic dissipation) — [query: does he mean "high finance"?] — have, in my opinion, a very high function for the race, and render possible the propagation and continuation of human society which would otherwise, from many deteriorating causes, die out."

The sentence just quoted states essentially the thesis of the whole book. Whatever is aristocratic is good, or rather is best — the *summum bonum* of human endeavor. The more vicious and anti-social the aristocratic tendency, the more valuable and beautiful is it considered by Sera to be. The first chapter of the book deals with "Love." It puts forward as the highest ideal not even "free love" as advocated by some social philosophers, but rather in-

discriminate sexual dissipation and debauchery; "the exaltation, the raving, the delirium of the agony of the love of a former time: a strong, undefined, promiscuous, free, and serene love."

The utter perversity of the author's conclusions is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the following summary of his views: "The aristocratic ideal, in its triple aspiration towards leisure, power, and love, is manifested as a perpetual struggle towards natural conditions of life; a healthy, strong and vigorous nature; pure animalness. The existence of this ideal is seen to be antagonistic to sociality and morality, which both make for the impoverishment, the organic degradation of the species man. . . . The ultimate aim of every form of social activity is animal leisure."

The reasoning that leads to these conclusions, which from the standpoint of plain common-sense can only be characterized as silly, involves a kind of error from which the lucubrations of more profound biologists than Sera are not always free. This is the error of attempting to "explain" that which is objectively clear and known, in terms of that which is mysterious, obscure, and unknown or unknowable. The plain facts of social evolution are that mankind for a very long time has been, and still is, moving steadily away from such aristocratic ideals as are enumerated by Sera, toward those of democracy and socialism. Only by the attempting to "explain" these obvious facts in terms of unknown motives and feelings can they become so perverted and obscured as they are in the work under review.

The book is fortified, as it were, at both its points of entrance and exit, by a militant Introduction on the one hand, and a positively annihilating Appendix on the other hand. In both of these places any who might be inclined to criticize are warned off the premises in no uncertain terms. In the Introduction (by Dr. Oscar Levy) we are told that "there is gradually but surely forming itself in all countries a superior class of men, who, observing the gulf between them and their fellow-men, very soon give up the idea of enlightening the unenlightables, and over the frontiers of their countries heartily shake hands with each other." Signor Sera, we are specifically told, is one of those "superior" gentlemen: those who do not agree with him are of the "unenlightables." The calm and temperate spirit in which the author himself meets criticism is indicated in the following remarks in the Appendix: "However, as criticisms become poorer and poorer, and at last, as

*ON THE TRACKS OF LIFE. THE IMMORALITY OF MORALITY. Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: The John Lane Co.

often happens, even the minor reviewers began to think that my silence was due to lack of grounds for objecting to their criticisms, and raised their perky little heads like young cocks with crests not yet full-grown, which nevertheless imagine themselves to be kings of their coops, I decided that the moment had come when matters should be put right."

Altogether, it is to be expected that this great effort of Sera's will, as is predicted by implication in the Introduction, fail to enlighten the "unenlightables." One ventures to think, however, that the primary difficulty is, on the whole, with the source of illumination rather than with the photo-receptivity of the average reader.

RAYMOND PEARL.

SHAKESPEARE AS NEUROPATH AND LOVER.*

At last Shakespeare stands revealed to us! It is nearly three hundred years since he died, yet it is only now that we have "his tragic life-story." It is almost as if a new play, a greater than "Hamlet," had been discovered. And the amazing thing is that one had only to read Shakespeare to see the man, the lover, the ruined life, all as plain as words can make them. This is what amazes Mr. Frank Harris, too, who in his modesty is forced to assume superiority to the hordes of Shakespearian critics who saw not the light. Only Goethe and Coleridge got glimpses, which, however, led nowhere; all the rest, and their "tons of talk," are far astray.

This book of Mr. Harris's would show that Shakespeare painted himself not once but twenty times. The character that is preëminently Shakespeare is Hamlet; and whenever Shakespeare, in delineating other characters, grew careless, as he very frequently did, he dropped into Hamlet,—that is, he depicted himself. Some characters are merely Hamlet in other circumstances. Romeo is Hamlet in love, as Hazlitt had already remarked; Jaques is Hamlet in melancholy discontent. Thus, "if we combine the character of Romeo, the poet-lover, and Jaques, the pensive-eyed philosopher, we have almost the complete Hamlet." As Mr. Harris frequently remarks, "Think of it!"

These three characters we may therefore regard as Shakespeare prepense. The real task is to find the unconscious Shakespeares. And from the wealth of choice let us take—oh, anyone will do—say Macbeth. Like Hamlet,

Macbeth weighs the *pro* and *con* of action to fulfil the witches' prophesies; he is courteous in his address—calling Banquo and the others "kind gentlemen"; he is "too full of the milk of human kindness"; he is irresolute when it comes to murdering Duncan; he has Hamlet's "peculiar and exquisite intellectual fairness," and remarks that "this Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek," etc.; he is the mouthpiece of Shakespeare's "marvellous lyrical faculty"; he has a religious tinge in his nature—"But wherefore," he says, "could not I pronounce 'Amen,'" and Hamlet exclaims, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us," and later, "I'll go pray." "This new trait," remarks Mr. Harris, "most intimate and distinctive, is therefore the most conclusive proof of the identity of the two characters." Could the most skeptical dryasdust professor—Mr. Harris's *bête noir*—demand more? But in case he should, here it is: After the strain of the murder, Macbeth loses his nerve. "All this is exquisitely characteristic of the nervous student who has been screwed up to a feat beyond his strength, 'a terrible feat,' and who has broken down over it; but his words are altogether absurd in the mouth of an ambitious half-barbarous chieftain." Yet, strange as it may seem, Hamlet managed to bear up after he had murdered Polonius and sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to the final surprise of their lives. But after the second act, Macbeth seems to be able to do things more or less bloody. How account for the change? In the first part, Macbeth is Shakespeare—"gentle, bookish, and irresolute"; in the latter part, where the dramatist has to follow Holinshed and set Macbeth to murdering, he yet "did not think of lending Macbeth any tinge of cruelty, harshness, or ambition. His Macbeth commits murder for the same reason that the timorous deer fights—out of fear." This shows how kind Shakespeare was! The same quality is further shown in Macbeth's unwillingness to fight Macduff in their final meeting, in his confession of "pity and remorse, which must be compared to the gentle-kindness with which Hamlet treats Laertes and Romeo treats Paris." Anyone must now be convinced of the identity of these characters!

In somewhat similar fashion we are taught that Duke Vincentio in "Measure for Measure" and Posthumus in "Cymbeline" are Hamlet-Shakespeare. So Arthur in "King John," and Richard II., are after the same model. In the case of the latter there is a difference between his character in the early part of the play

*THE MAN SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TRAGIC LIFE-STORY. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

and that in the later. In the former case he is selfish, greedy, cruel; in the second he is all that is lovable. Why? Because in the first part Shakespeare is following history; in the second, he is drawing himself. Would the same reasoning apply to Edward II. in Marlowe's play?

From these delineations of character Mr. Harris shows that "Shakespeare's nature, even in hot, reckless youth, was most feminine and affectionate, and that . . . he preferred to picture irresolution and weakness rather than strength." If you don't believe it, look at Hotspur. When he is brusque, blame Holinshed; when he talks about "gentle Severn's sedgy bank," he is Shakespeare, — such language is too poetical for Hotspur. Again, it is beyond Shakespeare to present courage in Hotspur or in anyone. And yet we seem to have heard these lines:

"Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north or south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!"

So, too, he cannot present Prince Hal as possessing manly virtues. He is not much more than a weak imitation of Hotspur. Moreover, we learn from Poins that he is lewd, — and, as a remarkable coincidence, so are Jaques (or so the Duke says), and Vincentio (for does not Lucio say so?); therefore Shakespeare was lewd, he was a sensualist. The character of the Prince as here expounded explains the vexed question of the rejection of Falstaff. Shakespeare too had spent time in bad company, and "like other weak men was filled with a desire to throw the blame on his 'misleaders.' He certainly exulted in their punishment." How Professor Bradley's attempt at a solution hides its diminished head before the convincing simplicity of this brilliant discovery! But Professor Bradley is a Dryasdust, and not a revealer. This Shakespeare cuts a pretty poor figure! He has no virile virtues or vices, no desperate courage, only "a love of honour working on quick generous blood"; no "cruelty, hatred, ambition, revenge," the ancillary qualities of courage. And yet it seems to us that there is some cruelty depicted in "Lear," some hatred and revenge in "The Merchant of Venice," and some ambition in "Richard III." But no, "manliness was not his [Shakespeare's] forte; he was by nature a neuropath and a lover."

A few more aspects remain. Orsino, in "Twelfth Night," the lover of music and flowers and passion, is Shakespeare. "Shakespeare lends

no music to his villains" — Iago and his song, "And let me the canakin clink, clink," to the contrary notwithstanding. Shakespeare had a sense of humor, we are pleased to learn, for we would see in this a masculine trait. So we take much comfort out of Falstaff. But this staff is a broken reed. Not even Shakespeare was great enough to create Falstaff; he must have had a model, and that model was probably Chettle! Why? Because Falstaff surpasses all of Shakespeare's other comic characters; because he depicted Falstaff so poorly in the "Merry Wives" that he must have depended on his model whom he had already exhausted in "Henry IV."; and because Chettle was a jovial soul!

But now we come to the actual events of Shakespeare's life, which we glean from the Sonnets and some of the plays. "W. H.," we are to accept without question, is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; and the "dark lady" is Mary Fitton. There is no doubt about it. "The story is very simple: Shakespeare loved Mistress Fitton, and sent his friend, the young Lord Herbert, to her on some pretext, but with the design that he should commend Shakespeare to the lady. Mistress Fitton fell in love with William Herbert, wooed and won him, and Shakespeare had to mourn the loss of both friend and mistress." Moreover, this story has been treated three times in the plays — in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Much Ado," and "Twelfth Night"; yet no one has noticed it. "If after these three recitals," Mr. Harris says, "anyone can still believe the sonnet-story is imaginary, he is beyond persuasion by argument."

Now this Mary Fitton has already appeared in the plays, for we can recognize her by Shakespeare's very careful descriptions. She is Rosaline in "Romeo and Juliet," as well as the girl of the same name in "Love's Labour's Lost." In all cases we have dark hair, dark eyes, pale complexion. All would fit in so nicely with Mary Fitton, were it not that Mistress Mary, we know from authentic portraits, was a blonde beauty! But let that go. This Mary Fitton he loved with an intense passion; but towards the traitor Herbert he expresses no anger, since Shakespeare dearly loved a lord. He was an arrant snob, like all your English. And thus Shakespeare, for twelve mortal years from 1597 to 1608, suffered such agonies as only a genius and a disappointed sensualist can endure. The fruit of this agony we have in the plays, — so let us be thankful that poor gentle Shakespeare had a sad and weary lot. It is

accordingly not Brutus, but Shakespeare, who, "racked by love and jealousy, tortured by betrayal, was at war with himself." Like Hamlet, he was prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell, but he was too gentle and kind to act it out. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern did not report their opinion of Hamlet's farewell kindness. All Hamlet's unreasoning rage at his mother's lechery is Shakespeare telling Mary Fitton what he thinks of her. "If anyone can imagine that this is the way a son thinks of a mother's slip," sadly comments our author, "he is past my persuading." Past, long past! How simple the complex problem of "Hamlet" becomes in the light of these revelations! Othello's jealous fury against Desdemona merges into Shakespeare's wrath towards Mary Fitton. Desdemona never showed "high and plenteous wit and invention," but Mary did, alas, too much! A still closer portrait of Mistress Fitton we get in Cressida; and, what is equally interesting, we learn that Shakespeare wrote this "wretched invertebrate play," this libel on Greece, to mock Chapman, the rival poet of the Sonnets. Ignorant of Greek, he poured contempt on it and on Chapman. "This establishes the opinion that Chapman was indeed the rival poet." Reasoning can no farther go! As we might guess (provided we are not professors, like Dowden and Gollancz), Cleopatra is Mary Fitton, and Antony is Shakespeare. The interview between Thyreus and Cleopatra was written "out of wounded personal feeling," to show up the fickle Mary. She doesn't mind it, now that the discovery has just been made, — but she wrecked Shakespeare's life. "Hamlet in love with Cleopatra, the poet lost in desire of the wanton, — that is the tragedy of Shakespeare's life." His passion led him to "shame and madness and despair; his strength broke down under the strain, and he never won back again to health." Lear expresses his own disillusion and naked misery; it is the first attempt in all literature to paint madness, Mr. Harris informs us. We receive the news with fitting modesty. "Timon" is merely "a scream of pain" closing the agony.

After all this, Shakespeare went to Stratford to recuperate under the care of his daughter: Mr. Harris tells us so. Then came the Romances, "all copies"; Shakespeare was "too tired to invent or even to annex." Prospero is Shakespeare; and so is Ariel, who was imprisoned painfully for a dozen years to a foul witch, — to whom, indeed, but Mary Fitton?

The close of this veracious history is occupied

with Shakespeare's "Life," which incorporates, as credible, stories ranging from Audrey's account of Shakespeare's killing a calf in high style and making a speech, to his parentage of D'Avenant. A fitting close to the romance.

It is interesting to note that the book, which contains such violent diatribes on the English aristocracy as would have made good Radical campaign literature in the recent elections, is dedicated to an English peer. A fitting beginning to the romance. JAMES W. TUPPER.

THE AGE OF WATERWAYS.*

"It will require the best thought and best effort of this generation," wrote Mr. Hill to the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, "to avert the evil that now casts its shadow upon the farmer, manufacturer, and merchant, to arrest the progress of the paralysis that is laying its grip upon the heart of commerce, and to restore the wholesome circulation without which there cannot be life and growth in either individual or the commonwealth." Mr. Herbert Quick, author of a recent work on "American Inland Waterways," sees but one way out of this difficulty, and that is in the development of our great continental waterways so as to enable them to perform their proper economic share of the work of transportation. "It is a great task," he says, "but it is quite within our power; and the waterways can do the work completely, which the railways never can. The natural expense of land carriage is high, and the capacity of railways is strictly limited. The capacity of a waterway like the new Erie Canal is equal to a dozen railways. The capacity of a deep waterway down the Mississippi is almost incalculable; but it is entirely safe to say that no conceivable tonnage derived from the Mississippi Valley and Lake Basin could tax its carrying power. . . . In efficiency, the waterways leave nothing to be desired as a remedy for our transportation ills."

Mr. Quick proceeds to discuss the advantages of waterways on the score of economy, and makes out an exceedingly strong case for them. His book is, in fact, an admirably clear and full presentation of a subject that is already looming large on the national horizon, and bids fair to be of paramount importance to the peo-

*AMERICAN INLAND WATERWAYS. Their Relation to Railway Transportation and the National Welfare; their Creation, Restoration, and Maintenance. By Herbert Quick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple of America. He has brought together, in clear and readable shape, a mass of material bearing not only on the question of inland waterways, but also on the closely related subjects of the conservation of forests and streams, and the generation of water-powers, with their relation to the great problems of power, heat, light, coal resources, and the conservation of mechanical efficiency arising therefrom. Mr. Quick has succeeded well in his attempt to convey, in terms capable of comprehension by the average citizen, the scientific knowledge of the subject as embodied in such recent documents as the Preliminary Report of the Inland Waterways Commission and the Report of the Chicago Harbor Commission. He goes somewhat fully into a discussion of the efforts that have already been made by the government to improve the rivers and harbors of the United States,—efforts which aggregate a cost of \$500,000,000, and yet mark but the beginning of what may be accomplished in the direction of the development of the inland waterways of the country.

The trouble has been, as in so many other public undertakings here and elsewhere, that the work of improvement has been haphazard and lacking in system. One of the principal objects of the Newlands bill in Congress was to bring together all these scattered efforts and mould and enlarge them into a comprehensive scheme of waterways which would ultimately embrace every important river and lake in the United States, the rivers to be connected by canals, following in most cases the old portage paths of Indian and fur-trader, and by coastal canals connecting tidal lakes, bays, sounds, and river mouths, like the one proposed for navigation from Boston to Florida and from Florida to the Texan ports. This remarkable bill, on which Mr. Quick bases many of his arguments, is not the project of a dreamer, but rather the measure of a practical statesman, and represents to a large extent the ideas of such men as Mr. Pinchot, late head of the Forest Service, of Marshall O. Leighton of the Water Resources Branch of the Geological Survey, of Director Newell of the Reclamation Service, of Dr. McGee the erosion expert, of Secretary Wilson, and of Ex-President Roosevelt. It is designed not merely to promote transportation on inland waterways, by vessels of a standard draught, but also "to consider and coördinate the questions of irrigation, swamp-land reformation, clarification of streams, utilization of water-power, prevention of soil waste, protection of forests, regulation of flow, control of floods,"

and the innumerable other questions arising from or connected with the great subject of the conservation of our natural resources.

The waterway to which Mr. Quick devotes most attention is the Lakes-to-the-Gulf project, as to the vital importance of which he brings together a convincing array of facts and figures; nor does he neglect the important projects undertaken or contemplated by Canada to improve her inland waterways. It is not to be wondered at that in discussing the larger aspects of the question Mr. Quick rises to a degree of enthusiasm. With the facts in his mind and a map of North America spread before him, any man may quickly convince himself of the tremendous potentialities of our inland waterways, and incidentally of the unique strategic positions held by Chicago—and by that Canadian Chicago, the city of Winnipeg. With the Mississippi route completed on the one hand, and the Georgian Bay Canal on the other, Chicago would stand at the angle of two immense water-systems,—one leading south to the Gulf of Mexico, and ultimately through the Panama Canal to the Pacific and Asia; the other leading east to the Atlantic and to Europe. Similarly, Winnipeg bids fair to become the central point in a waterway system of almost equally stupendous proportions. When the works now under way, or promised, are completed, Winnipeg will have water communication with Edmonton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; a series of short canals, presenting no serious engineering difficulties, would connect with Lake Superior, and ultimately with Montreal and the Atlantic. Scientific experts and hard-headed business men are already discussing the project of connecting Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, by a series of short canals on the Nelson River; and it is quite within the realms of the possible that Winnipeg may some day be connected with the Mississippi by way of the Red River, Lake Traverse, and the Minnesota. Given the development of these great waterways,—and with the present trend of public opinion throughout the continent, such a development is quite probable,—and the next half-century may witness the curious spectacle of Chicago controlling the trade of America with Asia and Australasia; and Winnipeg controlling the trade of the continent, or at any rate its western half, with Europe. Those who are inclined to scoff at this latter possibility need only be reminded that York Factory, Winnipeg's future port on Hudson Bay, is eighty-six miles nearer Liverpool than is New York.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE BORDERLAND OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.*

The belief that human individuality survives the crisis known as death has been held from time immemorial, and is embodied in nearly all religious creeds. Inasmuch as all phenomena, in a literal sense, are psychological, and what we call the physical world is a picture painted with the pigments of the mind, it seems incredible that anything can be less real or less permanent than human consciousness. On the other hand, the temporary interruption of this consciousness is a commonplace experience; while phenomena present themselves to us in such a way as to lead to the inference that those perceived are connected by many others, some ascertainable by inference, others wholly beyond our power to imagine. Modern science is like a cloth in which are utilized many scraps containing fragments of a pattern, on the basis of which the original design is attempted to be reproduced. It is universally admitted that the scraps—our experiences—do not represent the whole cloth; the most stupid can see that they are parts of a larger scheme, but the wisest cannot make sure of all the original details. Orthodox religion supposes that there exists a mind in which the pattern originated, and which, therefore, is well aware of the whole arrangement; a philosophy which has the merit of finding a psychological counterpart for every phase of reality.

It is one thing, however, to postulate consciousness as eternal and universal, and quite another to demonstrate an ultramundane career for such particular foci of it as we find in individual human beings. The reviewer, for his own part, has always believed in the continuity of personal identity, because it seems to him that any coherent philosophical scheme demands it, and that in the midst of very much that is certainly mutable there exists a nucleus of something permanent. This, however, is a metaphysical conception; whereas Sir Oliver Lodge and the Society for Psychical Research seek to bring the subject within the range of scientific enquiry.

It might be supposed that patient endeavors to throw light on matters so abstruse, and yet of such manifest importance to mankind, would be applauded on every hand. Constituted as man is, the fear and sorrow due to death seem

at times almost too great a price to pay for our highly developed psychical powers, and at the least seriously reduce the pleasure of living. If they have been necessary for the preservation of the race, it seems evident that they have now exceeded somewhat the bounds of utility, and their mitigation might be welcomed for social as well as for individual reasons. This has been continually attempted in the past, by religious creeds; and even to-day is accomplished to a large extent on more or less intangible grounds. Many still deem this sufficient, but it ought to be self-evident that definite scientific proof of survival would be a substantial gain.

Unfortunately, the work of the Society for Psychical Research has met with no such favor as it seems to us to deserve. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, it is continually subjected to adverse criticism from the Spiritualists, who, long ago convinced of the survival of human personality after death, consider the methods employed ridiculously slow and cautious. On the other hand, the outside world and orthodox science generally regard it with contempt, as overcredulous and uncritical. The author concludes:

"Well, we have had to stand this buffeting, as well as the more ponderous blows inflicted by the other side; and it was hardly necessary to turn the cheek to the smiter, since in an attitude of face-forward progress the buffets were sure to come with fair impartiality; greater frequency on the one side making up for greater strength on the other."

Sir Oliver's book begins by a discussion of experiments which are held to demonstrate telepathy. This phenomenon is accepted as genuine by many who do not believe at all in disembodied spirits. It is, in fact, one of the obstacles to the demonstration of the existence of the latter; since if any of the facts communicated are known to any living being they may conceivably have been received telepathically, while if they are not known they may be incapable of proof. An endeavor to overcome this difficulty is described on page 122. The late F. W. H. Myers, in 1891, prepared a sealed letter, the contents of which were known to no one but himself. About ten years later Myers died, and in 1904 it seemed to several members of the Society that messages had been received which must contain the substance of the hidden letter. Sir Oliver Lodge issued a circular inviting attendance at the Society's rooms, and the envelope was opened. It was found that there was no resemblance between its actual contents and the messages received. Those hostile to the whole movement will of course receive this result with jeers; but

*THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. A Study in Unrecognized Human Faculty. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

the author justly points out that failure was not unlikely after so long an interval, and that even success would not have been absolute proof. In the event of success it would have been conceivable that the letter was read by the medium through some process of clairvoyance; or, I suppose, that its contents had been received telepathically by someone from Myers during the latter's lifetime, and were waiting in some subconscious region of the mind to be revealed in response to the proper stimulus. Absurd as these suppositions may seem, many would no doubt resort to them in preference to admitting the communication to be from someone now dead.

An example given in the book, which is thought to represent a successful experiment, is quoted from Kant as follows:

"Madame Herteville (Marteville), the widow of the Dutch ambassador in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband, was called upon by Croon, a goldsmith, to pay for a silver service which her husband had purchased from him. The widow was convinced that her late husband had been much too precise and orderly not to have paid this debt, yet she was unable to find this receipt. In her sorrow, and because the amount was considerable, she requested Mr. Swedenborg to call at her house. After apologising to him for troubling him, she said that if, as all people say, he possessed the extraordinary gift of conversing with the souls of the departed, he would perhaps have the kindness to ask her husband how it was about the silver service. Swedenborg did not at all object to comply with her request. Three days afterwards the said lady had company at her house for coffee. Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid several months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room upstairs. The lady replied that the bureau had been quite cleared out and that the receipt was not found among all the papers. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him how after pulling out the lefthand drawer a board would appear, which required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed, containing his private Dutch correspondence, as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company arose and accompanied the lady into the room upstairs. The bureau was opened; they did as they were directed; the compartment was found, of which no one had ever known before; and to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with his description."

A rather obvious objection to this piece of evidence is that Swedenborg might have known of the existence of such a bureau in the house, and been aware that those of this make contained such a receptacle. It is not necessary to assume that he was acting a frivolous or insincere part; impressed with the opinion that the receipt existed somewhere, his natural guess might have come into his mind with the force of a message, as is often the case in more commonplace circumstances. Of course two different theories are

possible, according to one's convictions. It is possible to suppose that in the numerous cases in which strong conviction arises without any apparently sufficient evidence, there are supernatural agencies at work.

A long account was given, on the authority of Mr. H. W. Wack, of St. Paul, Minnesota, of a dream in which the killing of a tramp was made known, though this occurred some distance away and the unknown man was of no particular interest to the dreamer. It is suggested that this shows how the influence of such an event may be conveyed not merely to those who would naturally be concerned, but to complete outsiders. The special thing noted by the dreamer was that, the tramp having been killed by the train in which he imagined himself to be travelling, the body could not be found. The next day he read in the paper of such an occurrence, the account stating that the body had been cut to small pieces, and no identification was possible. Several objections to the value of this evidence occur readily to the reader who is familiar with American railroads. The dreamer had been accustomed to travel on this particular road, and must often have read of and pondered over the killing of tramps, which is a much more frequent occurrence than Sir Oliver Lodge probably imagines. If at all sensitive he must have dreaded the possibility of being present when one of these accidents occurred. Moreover, the dream explicitly shows the train as stopping immediately after the man had given his death-shriek, whereas the newspaper stated that it did not stop at all, but proceeded in ignorance of the accident, which explained the condition of the remains. The inability to find the body in the dream is in accordance with a common experience in dreams, when the expected fails to happen.

In the above account I have laid emphasis on the evidence which seems to me to be faulty; that which has a better claim is much more complicated, and will not admit of abstraction. Sir Oliver Lodge states that he is thoroughly convinced by it, but recognizes that much more work needs to be done to put the matter on a proper basis.

"It rather feels as if we were at the beginning of what is practically a fresh branch of science; and that to pretend to frame explanations, except in the most tentative and elastic fashion for the purpose of threading the facts together and suggesting fresh fields for experiments, is as premature as it would have been for Galvani to have expounded the nature of electricity, or Copernicus the laws of Comets and Meteors" (p. 239).

Whatever we may believe, common decency

and honesty alike oblige us to recognize that the Society for Psychical Research consists neither of fools nor knaves. The attitude of mind which attributes mental if not moral deficiency to all workers in these unpopular fields, no matter how eminent in other respects they may be, is nowise different from that which led to the persecution of the pioneers in the now orthodox sciences. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The weakness and the power of Shelley.

"A Power girt round with weakness" — these are the words Shelley used of himself in the "Adonais"; and it would be hard for any biographer to improve upon the brevity and truth of his own characterization. Most biographers, in fact, have either tried to hide the weakness — as if to acknowledge it were to belittle the Power, — or else have thrown the limelight upon the weakness until the Power almost lost itself in the shadows. It is twenty-four years since Dowden collected his great body of materials and wrote what will probably always remain the standard biography of Shelley; the form of the man there presented has not been changed materially by any documents or facts that have since been brought to light. That Shelley as a poet belongs among the world's great ones, few would now have the hardihood to deny; but considered as a man, the question is still open. Were certain of his contemporaries right who regarded him as a fiend incarnate, or are his modern admirers right who pronounce him unfit for this world only because he was fit for a better? Among the numerous attempts at appraisal of Shelley in his human aspect, perhaps none is saner and fairer, and certainly none more spirited and entertaining, than the book of nearly three hundred pages offered by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, "Shelley the Man and the Poet" (Putnam). The author's attitude toward his subject seems to be not unlike that often felt toward those we love best, — their worst faults amuse rather than irritate us. Thus, speaking of Shelley's early opinions of religion, he says: "Having got his own idea of what the world ought to be almost as easily as a baby gets its appetite, he found that the Christian religion did not fall in with that idea and determined to destroy it with a light heart." Again, quoting from one of the innumerable manifestos of Shelley's youth, the author adds: "As we read these pompous and complacent sentences we must remember he was only nineteen; and it is well at that age to have the ambition to reform the world." Much of Shelley's most questionable writing and conduct came from the fact that he had no historical sense, and "never understood that all the institutions which he hated had been made by men of the same nature as those whom he wished to deliver from such institutions";

all his arguments were based on the assumption that "men would be all good if laws did not make them bad," and that "the conflict of life is entirely a struggle between the good that is within men and the evil that is outside them." Some men, therefore, were all bad, being willing slaves of the tyrant evil; others were all good, being heroic rebels or helpless victims. In his treatment of the "Harriet question," our author is uncommonly fair, saying truly, "Because he was a great poet and she a poor woman who came to a miserable end, there is no reason why her memory should be sacrificed to his." Shelley had many infirmities of heart and mind, and was never cured of them; to the end they appeared in his poetry, and troubled Mary as they had brought disaster to Harriet. But his character was essentially noble, his genius great. He always desired to love men and to be loved by them; but from lack of communion with them, he became the intimate friend of nature. Often, in his poetry, he seems to sing to an audience of mountains and winds and clouds, as if they would understand him better than the human beings who received his music with anger or laughter. The reader who would understand or enjoy Shelley's best poetry must not ask what is the use of it all; he must have faith in it as a prophecy of a nobler state of being, and as the expression of emotions and ideas to which men in that nobler state may some day attain. As a whole, Mr. Clutton-Brock has given us a delightful book; for even when we least agree with him we cannot help delighting in the easy but sure touch with which he re-tells the always fascinating story of Shelley's life, and interprets his singular character and his splendid genius.

A "footnote person" is the phrase borrowed by Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and applied by him to Bronson Alcott in one of the brief essays contained in a volume of collected studies entitled "Carlyle's Laugh, and Other Surprises" (Houghton). We trust that it will seem no reflection upon their interest or value to characterize these studies by this same useful phrase. Slight and sketchy as they are, these papers are pleasantly indicative of personal and often intimate association with many a distinguished man and woman of letters. Their value lies in this, not in completeness of portraiture or depth of interpretative comment. The collection includes a score of articles previously published in periodical or book, on Cooper, Brockden Brown, Thoreau, Alcott, Bancroft, Norton, Stedman, Edward Everett Hale, Horace E. Scudder, Emily Dickinson, Julia Ward Howe, and several others. They are all pleasantly written — they are all in a sense "footnotes" to more adequate studies of their subjects. One may read with especial interest the paper on Emily Dickinson, whose story recalls our debt to Mr. Higginson for his introduction to the world of this strangely gifted woman. One is glad also to possess even this brief sketch of that modest and

tireless literary worker, Horace Scudder; it is a tribute well deserved, and might have been expanded with advantage. The best of the essays, however, is that which opens the volume. Has "Carlyle's laugh," by the way, been described in literature, since Teufelsdröckh's hearty cachinnation was echoed in the "Sartor Resartus"? "It was a broad, honest, human laugh," says Mr. Higginson, "which, beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and diaphragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child." Speaking truthfully, this echo of the Sartorian laughter is the pleasant "surprise" in the volume; indeed, we do not recollect that we discovered any other contribution that quite justified the promise in the latter part of the title.

*Recent books
about music.*

Books upon the opera multiply in proportion to the awakening activities of the operatic world. Miss Esther Singleton's "Guide to Modern Opera" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a companion volume to her earlier book of similar design, and describes works of the most modern school. A few of the old works, such as "Otello," "Mefistofle," and "Parsifal," are included only because they did not find a place in the earlier volume. But such moderns as Debussy, Strauss, Charpentier, Humperdinck, and Blockx, get most of the pages. Twenty-six operas are described altogether, and there are a dozen illustrations of famous singers, in character. Miss Singleton tells the stories, but attempts little or nothing of musical analysis and criticism.—Miss Gladys Davidson gives us a similar book, with an added dash of biography, in the third series of her "Stories from the Operas" (Lippincott), published in the "Music Lover's Library." She describes works to the number of an even dozen, and the illustrations are portraits of composers.—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "Book of Operas" (Macmillan) is a far more serious performance than these others. It goes extensively into musical history, besides providing competent analysis with illustrations in musical notation. There are also many other illustrations of varied and often of curious interest, such as a portrait of da Ponte, the Americanized Italian who wrote Mozart's most famous librettos, of a number of scenes historically interesting, of composers, singers, and stage-pictures. Mr. Krehbiel deals with a total of seventeen works, chosen because their importance may claim such thorough treatment as he aims to give. They include the three great operas of Mozart, the five of Wagner (excluding the "Ring"), Verdi's "Traviata" and "Aida," and such single examples as "Fidelio," "Il Barbiere" and "Der Freischütz," and "Hansel und Gretel." The other three to complete the tale are the group dealing with the Faust story, the works of Gounod, Boito, and Berlioz. This is a very interesting and valuable book, which we commend to the attention of all opera-goers.—While on the subject of music, we may as well make note of Elise Polko's "Musical

Sketches" (Sturgis & Walton), an old-time favorite with the sentimental, now translated from the fifteenth German edition. It is still not a bad book for the young.—"Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" has been a useful reference-book for some time, and is now reissued in a revised and enlarged edition, prepared by Mr. L. J. de Bekkers. It is a volume of seven hundred and fifty two-columned pages.

*Some ounces
of prevention.*

One of the hopeful signs in the warfare against disease, which is being so vigorously waged in recent years, is the growing number of books dealing with medical subjects written by competent authorities and designed primarily for the general public. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "Preventable Diseases" (Houghton) is not only authoritative and comprehensive, but it is sane and sensible, and likewise most entertaining reading. It treats of hygienic and sanitary matters of prime importance and profound interest to every individual, family, and community; and the advice so freely given, if sensibly followed, will do much to check the outbreak and spread of preventable diseases and to reduce the suffering and misery that follow in their wake. The book is written in a free and breezy style. The author's opinions are expressed with clearness and vigor, and popular fads and fallacies are exposed in plain language. He is a wholesome and rational optimist, and every page of his book breathes hope and inspires courage to the individual or community in the fight against disease. The treatment of heredity and disease is eminently sensible, and will be a godsend to many distressed souls. The discussion of "Tuberculosis, a scotched snake," is also well fitted to bring hope where fear reigns. Conservatives will doubtless find fault at times with the author's picturesque statements and free discussion of professional data, but all must admire his breadth of view and humane purpose. Among the topics treated are the natural powers of recuperation of the body, so often underestimated; the signs of disease, typhoid fever, adenoids, colds, cancer, nerves, appendicitis, malaria, rheumatism, diphtheria, and mental influence in disease. The book is a desirable addition to the library of both home and school.

*Botany
up to date.*

Mr. G. E. Scott Elliott, author of a handsome volume entitled "Botany of To-Day" (Lippincott), reveals himself as an Englishman and a traveller. His interest in botany is probably incidental to his journeying about the world; but he would fain have others share his enthusiasm, and so he writes a book,—having in view the worthy end, as he expresses it, "to tempt some readers to examine plants for themselves." If readers are not thus tempted it will not be because Mr. Elliott has not brought before them a vast amount of material, botanical and other. His industry and zeal are beyond question: the whole field of attainment and research shall be his, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth from the wall.

Unfortunately, his zeal is not always according to knowledge. Not being a botanist himself, his discrimination is often at fault; and notwithstanding hosts of high authorities cited, he sometimes falls into error,—as when he tells us that leaves of the Victoria pond-lily are sixty feet across, or when he groups our pretty flowering *Vallisneria* among the *algæ*. Mr. Elliott seems also deficient in what is called literary style. The chapters have no special sequence or arrangement, and are broken into a multitude of paragraphs where sentence is disjoined from sentence for no obvious reason, but with an effect upon the reader which is, to say the least, disheartening; he experiences a succession of mental jolts, as if compelled to traverse a corduroy road, instead of following the smooth *chaussée* prepared for him by a more skilful writer. The sentences themselves are scarcely models of correct construction; the verbs have a fashion of being attracted into the number of the noun nearest, rather than yielding to the milder solicitations of the remoter sentence-subject. A single instance may suffice to illustrate many things: "Near lake Nyanza I rose a grasshopper-like creature which alighted on a withered grass haulm and was at once invisible. Its mode of resting aped exactly the hang of withered spikelets, and the color of such part of its wings and legs as were exposed were precisely that of the withered vegetation." Two chapters—one on Conifers and one on Arable Land—are perhaps the most useful in the book, being compends of the agriculture of the British Isles. The bibliography which closes the volume will be serviceable to students; and there are many beautiful half-tone illustrations, some of which refer to matters discussed in the text.

*For the culture
of the race.*

Eugenics, the new science of "breeding better men," is developing at a rapid rate. It was only a few years ago that Sir Francis Galton began his active campaign for the promotion of eugenic research and the dissemination of eugenic ideas. Now strong and flourishing organizations making these matters their specific business exist in England, Germany, and the United States. While the stream of periodical literature on the subject is steadily increasing in volume, books dealing directly with it have as yet been few. Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "Parenthood and Race Culture" (Moffat, Yard, & Co.) is the first attempt to give a comprehensive view of the general problems of engenic, and the direction which examination of them seems likely to take. Dr. Saleeby is a man of strong, if not always profoundly reasoned, opinions, and his presentation of the case is forceful and interesting. He lays great stress on the importance of reducing the infant mortality rate. In general he appears to regard a low birth-rate as in no way inherently an alarming or even a serious matter, provided the rate of infant mortality is concurrently reduced. Many could be found who would not agree with these ideas, but that is not necessarily against them. In so relatively new and important a field of thought a full and frank presentation of all points of

view and shades of opinion is much to be desired. The care with which the proof-reading of this volume was done is indicated by the following curious version of a well-known quotation which stands at the head of a chapter: "L'homme n'est gu'un yoseau, le plus faible de la Nature; mais c'est an yoscan pensant."

*A champion of
human freedom.*

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," may not be exactly the refrain of "Men the Workers" (Doubleday, Page, & Co.), a collection of speeches and papers from the tongue and pen of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd; but the poet's words are repeatedly brought to mind as one reads Mr. Lloyd's vigorous protests, iterated and reiterated, against the greed and injustice of plutocracy, and his eloquent plea for justice to the working man and a recognition of his rights as a human being. The speeches now gathered into a book were delivered at various times between 1889 and 1903, the latter year being that of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, before which Mr. Lloyd spoke so effectively. His homely and telling way of putting things is often illustrated in the pages of this volume,—as when, referring to "government by injunction," he speaks of "punishment at the mercy of a judge's sour temper or sour stomach"; and again, "There is another end to this poker." Idioms of this sort must have proved effective with audiences of working people. Probably, too, he touched a responsive chord when he styled Mr. John Mitchell "first in strikes, first in arbitration, and first in the hearts of the working-men." In a speech delivered on the fourth of July, 1889, are the words: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine declares that . . . property, like government, has no just powers but those which it derives from the consent of the people." Have the twenty-one intervening years brought any convincing proofs that this truth is gaining general recognition? The volume contains many striking passages testifying to Mr. Lloyd's quick reading of the signs of the times, and his unselfish ardor for human rights and justice.

*A study of ants
as communists.*

It is now more than thirty years since the author of "Tenants of an Old Farm" published his first observations on American ants. During these years, Dr. McCook has been a close student of the life and ways of these little creatures whose social organization reaches a higher grade of differentiation than can be found in any other group of animals short of the human species. In his book on "Ant Communities and how they are Governed, a Study in Natural Civics" (Harper), the author sums up his own observations and those of others upon ants, considering mainly those phases of their life that pertain to their behavior as social animals. From this arises a second feature of the volume, namely, the suggestions of parallels and differences between the communal actions of ants and those of men considered in their relation to the highest welfare of the race. To ants, as well as to men, the commune is a school which has

been a great diversifying factor in their social evolution. In the ant community the devotion to the common weal is instant and absolute, even to the loss of life or limb; but the queen has no sceptre, there is no ruling class, and every ant is a law unto itself. If socialism as a form of human government would be equally successful, it must attain that perfect individual discipline, self-control, and self-devotion to the good of the whole community, that one sees in a commonwealth of ants. The book is interesting as natural history, and will be suggestive to all concerned with the foundations of social organization.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Most expert observers have not ceased to regard the George Junior Republic as a social experiment, with too short a history and too narrow a range for final conclusions. None the less the story of its development by a man who discovered his pedagogical principles as occasion arose, generally after failures, is full of interest. The fundamental idea of Mr. George's "The Junior Republic" (Appleton) is that training for responsible citizenship must begin in an actual community where the laws and institutions express the convictions of the people. Scepticism is apt to arise in relation to a scheme which seems to ignore the transitional character of immature persons, and to require them, perhaps only in appearance, to assume the tasks of adults. The anecdotes and pictures from real life are genuine revelations of the souls of young people.

To interpret the facts and activities of the present day from a socially constructive standpoint, having in view chiefly the common welfare, is the aim of Dr. Devine's little volume on "Social Forces" (Charities Publication Committee) a collection of editorials which have appeared from time to time since 1907 in "The Survey." The essays are simply written, and deal with a wide range of American problems. The "new view" advocated by Dr. Devine implies neither an unthinking enthusiasm for the poor and oppressed on the one hand, nor a remote cold scrutiny of human problems on the other, but an inspiring and earnest eagerness to set things in their right relations, to work slowly but steadily for a "social order in which ancient wrongs shall be righted, new corruptions foreseen and prevented, the nearest approach to equality of opportunity assured, and the individual rediscovered under conditions vastly more favorable for his greatest usefulness to his fellows and for the highest development of all his powers."

The bibliographer can do no more useful work than that of directing the reading of children into the right channels. An important adjunct to such work will be found in the "Children's Catalog" which has been compiled by Miss Marion E. Potter and others, and is published by the H. W. Wilson Co. The first part of this work is an author, title, and subject catalogue of three thousand books, based upon a selection of the lists approved by twenty-four libraries. The second and larger part provides an index to the later volumes of "St. Nicholas" and analytical subject references to five hundred of the books for children previously catalogued. The work should prove of great usefulness. We have at the same time two books from the Baker & Taylor Co., being "A Child's Guide to Reading," by Mr. John Macy, and "A Child's Guide to Biography," by Mr. Burton E.

Stevenson. The first of these volumes consists of chapters upon the various species of reading, with annotated lists of books. The second is just a book of brief biographies of American men of action, from Columbus to Cleveland.

"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" are published in a two-volume "Topical" edition by the Messrs. Scribner. The volumes are very bulky, but they have an adequate excuse for being in the great wealth and variety of the illustrative material which they bring together. To begin with, they reproduce all the illustrations of the original edition, including the green cover of that famous first number. Then they contain more than two hundred other pictures and facsimiles calculated to bring joy to the heart of every true Pickwickian. Mr. C. van Noorden has been the collector of all this material. The volumes are too big to read comfortably, but there are other ways of enjoying books besides reading them.

NOTES.

"Yet Again" is the characteristic title of a new collection of Max Beerbohm's genial and whimsical essays, to be published immediately by John Lane Co.

General Morris Schaff's remarkably vivid and interesting account of "The Battle of the Wilderness," which is now appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," will be published in book-form later in the year.

Mr. J. S. Snaith, the author of "Araminta," "William Jordan, Junior," etc., has completed his new novel, "Fortune." It is quite a new departure, being a martial romance of the Middle Ages in Spain.

A new novel by the author of "The Post Girl" (Mr. Edward C. Booth) is a welcome announcement. "The Doctor's Lass" is its title; and the scenes will be laid in Yorkshire — as in Mr. Booth's first novel.

The two parts of "The Historie of Henrie the Fourth," edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, form two volumes of the "Old-Spelling Shakespeare," as published in the "Shakespeare Library" by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

A new and more popular edition of Herbert Spencer's complete works, in attractive form at a moderate price, announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is an interesting indication of the increasing vogue of our great modern English philosopher.

One of the more important serious books of the coming season will be the "History of the Confederate War," by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, which the Sturgis & Walton Company promise for Spring publication. The work will be in two volumes.

The "Diary of James K. Polk," expected last Fall, is announced for early Spring publication by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It will be issued in three large octavo volumes of 400 pages each, with two frontispiece reproductions of hitherto unpublished portraits.

A uniform edition of the writings of "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp) is now in course of preparation by Messrs. Duffield & Co. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers" make up the first volume of this series, and are supplied with editorial comment by the widow of the author.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons import for the American market Volume II. of Mr. Lewis F. Day's "Nature and Ornament," the third edition of the same author's work upon "Windows" (stained and painted

glass), and "The Collector's Handbook to Ceramics of the Renaissance and Modern Periods," by Mr. William Chaffers, being a selection from his larger work entitled "The Ceramic Gallery."

Messrs. Duffield & Company have made arrangements to publish in this country henceforth all the novels by the English novelist, Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, author of "The Blue Lagoon." "The Crimson Azaleas," the latest offering of this writer, will be followed by another novel in the Autumn.

An important volume on "China and the Far East" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It is not the product of one man's pen, but is the result of a series of lectures before Clark University, by the most prominent officials and scholars who have lived in the East, or made special study of the subject. The volume is edited by Professor George H. Blakeslee.

When "The Bride of the Mistletoe," the first book from Mr. James Lane Allen in six years, appeared last year, another work by him was promised for the near future. This promise is now fulfilled by the announcement for spring publication of "A Brood of the Eagle." As in the others of Mr. Allen's stories, the scene is rural Kentucky; and the work is expected to be, in a way, a sequel to the book first named.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, Leo S. Olschki, the Florentine publisher and bookseller, will issue a monumental edition of the "Divina Commedia," which it is aimed to make worthy, in scholarship and beauty, of the anniversary it memorializes. A new life of the poet by Gabriele D'Annunzio will precede the text. Count Passerini, editor of Olschki's "Giornale Dantesco," will supply a comprehensive commentary, which is to be printed on each page, parallel with the text; and the editorial revision of the text itself promises to be thorough. The book will be printed on hand-made paper, especially manufactured by Miliani of Fabriano, with Dante's head in the water mark. It will be a royal folio, of about six hundred pages, with broad margins. The leather binding, with bronze hinges, etc., is described as of the finest Italian craftsmanship. The edition is limited to three hundred copies. The work will be ready for delivery next autumn. Messrs. Lemcke & Buechner are the American agents.

The following new volumes have been added to the series of "Crowell's Shorter French Texts": "Quatre Contes des Mille et Une Nuits," edited by Mr. R. de Blanchaud; "Contes du Petit Château," by Jean Macé, edited by Mr. J. E. Mansion; "Le Château de la Vie," by E. Laboulaye, edited by Mr. R. T. Currell; Hugo's "Le Bataille de Waterloo" (from "Les Misérables"), edited by Mr. R. P. Jago; "Anecdotes sur Napoléon," by Marco de Saint-Hilaire, edited by Mr. A. Auzas; Scribe's "Mon Etoile," edited by Mr. Neil S. Snodgrass; "Deux Comédies Enfantines," by M. Reichenbach, edited by Mr. J. E. Mansion; "La Belle au Bois Dormant," dramatized by Emma Fisher, and edited by Mr. F. G. Harriman; "Croisilles," by Alfred de Musset, edited by Mr. S. Tyndall; "Les Petites Ignorances de la Conversation," by Charles Rozan, edited by Mr. R. de Blanchaud; and "La Farce de Paquin Fils," by L. Lailavoix. Each of these little books has an introduction, notes, exercises, and a vocabulary. They provide the teacher with reading-matter which is mostly unhackneyed, at a small price.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 78 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Life and Art of Richard Mansfield**, with selections from his Letters. By William Winter. In two volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$6. net.
- Fifty Years in Camp and Field**. By Ethan Allen Hitchcock; edited by W. A. Croft. With frontispiece in photogravure, large 8vo, 514 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4. net.
- Charles Dickens and his Friends**. By W. Teignmouth Shore. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 323 pages. Cassell & Co. \$1.75 net.
- The Rise of Louis Napoleon**. By F. A. Simpson. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 384 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
- Pascal**. By Viscount St. Cyres. With portrait in photogravure, 8vo, 441 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Matilda of Tuscany: La Gran Donna d'Italia**. By Nora Duff. Illustrated, large 8vo, 322 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Commodore John Rogers: Captain, Commodore, and Senior Officer of the American Navy, 1773-1838**. By Charles Oscar Paulin. Illustrated, large 8vo, 434 pages. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4. net.
- Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia**. By Mary Anne Everett Green; revised by S. C. Lomas, with preface by A. W. Ward. New edition; 8vo, 469 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- The Lives of the British Architects**, from William of Wykeham to Sir William Chambers. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated, 12mo, 337 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.
- The Divine Minstrels: A Narrative of the Life of Saint Francis of Assisi**. By Augusta Bailly; translated by Ernest Barnes. With frontispiece, 12mo, 269 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

HISTORY.

- The Biographical Story of the Constitution: A Study of the Growth of the American Union**. By Edward Elliott. 8vo, 400 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire**. By Ludwig Friedländer; translated from the seventh German edition by J. H. Freese. Vol. III., with index to the whole work. 12mo, 324 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Social England in the Fifteenth Century: A Study of the Effects of Economic Conditions**. By A. Abram. 12mo, 243 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Essays on Modern Novelists**. By William Lyon Phelps. 12mo, 293 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- George Meredith: Introduction to his Novels**. By James Moffatt. 12mo, 403 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century**. By C. T. Winchester. 12mo, 250 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Powder-Puff: A Ladies' Breviary**. By Franz Blei. 16mo, 212 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland**. Edited by Lady Rose Weigall. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 487 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.
- The Cambridge History of English Literature**. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV., Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Large 8vo, 638 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- Dionysius of Halicarnassus on Literary Composition: The Greek Text of the De Compositione Verborum**. Edited with introduction, translation, and notes, by W. Rhys Roberts. Large 8vo, 358 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
- Woman's Work in English Fiction, from the Restoration to the Mid-Victorian Period**. By Clara H. Whitmore. 12mo, 309 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
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